

4 Times Illya and Napoleon Escaped in Style and 1 Time They Didn't

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Summary: They're known for their daring, resourceful, and nauseatingly punctual escapes - but sometimes they can't quite carry it out with the style they would hope... written for the Picfic Challenge on Section VII, when the prompt was a picture of a blue car.

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Four Times Illya and Napoleon and Illya Escaped in Style and One Time They Didn't...

(Or... Four Drabbles and a Double!)

****1. Across the Waves****

He hung by his fingertips, feeling every bit of soil as it slipped through his grasp. For miles at either side stretched un-scalable cliffs, above him the smirking leer of his captor. The only consolation was that the microdot he'd been sent to retrieve was safe in his shoe - not that it would do anyone any good when he drowned.

Clammy fingers slipped once more.

Until, with a desperate yell...

He fell.

His blond head broke the surface as his ears filled with the roar of a sleek speedboat, with his partner at the helm.

"Need a lift, tovarish?"

****2. At Speed****

Napoleon Solo ran up the hill, gunfire nipping at his heels. Reaching the peak, he paused for a moment to look into the valley, heartened to see a road snaking up the hillside. As he began his descent he saw several Minis racing towards him, each bearing a number.

"Right," he remembered, "the Alpine Rally was this weekend."

He wondered, without much optimism, what the chances of hitching a life with one of the cars would be.

As if in answer to his prayers, a green car pulled to a stop, and a familiar head appeared.

"Need a lift, tovarish?"

****3. Like Superheroes****

The parade drew crowd of thousand, a disaster for the two spies trying to get across the city to deliver vital intelligence. Only parade vehicles were allowed into the area and getting through the swarm of people was impossible.

Eventually, they split up to attempt to navigate the chaos. Frustrated, Kuryakin sighed, trying to envisage a conversation with Mr Waverly that wouldn't get him fired.

"Need a lift, tovarish?"

Illya jumped as his partner's voice came from the parade's lead vehicle: the Batmobile.

"How did you manage this?"

"I talked to Robin, she was very accommodating."

Illya rolled his eyes.

****4. In The Clouds****

Travelling in the flood season wasn't wise, but they'd had little choice. When the rain came they had been trapped, and outnumbered by the megalomaniac town Mayor and his supporters, who hadn't taken kindly to the interference of international law enforcement.

They holed up with Lucy, a young woman Solo had met, and her grandparents, but house-to-house searches meant they had to leave.

Illya spoke in whispers with Grandfather Pete before asking Solo to meet him outside in ten minutes.

Solo had expected many possibilities, but possibly not the large hot air balloon.

"Need a lift tovarish?" Illya grinned.

****5. In a Blue Chrysler Station Wagon****

"Need a lift tovarish?"

"Is that really the best you could find?"

Solo gave the battered old station wagon a critical appraisal, and found that it fell woefully short of his standards for a means of escape.

"It is the one that was open," his partner pointed out from the driving seat, irritation clear in his tone. "It also started, and had a full tank of gas. So while I apologise for the fact that it does not meet your high stylistic principles, it is as good as we are likely to get."

"Did anyone see you?" Solo asked as he took his place in the passenger seat, crinkling his nose in disgust at the brown velour upholstery and the country music on the stereo, "And do we have to listen to this?"

"I rather liked it," Illlya tapped his fingers on the steering wheel to the beat as he pulled sharply away from the kerb, "and no, I do not believe I was seen."

There was a chance that Illlya Kuryakin had spoken too soon. As they passed the local market, on their way out of town, neither of them could miss the shout,

"Hey! Stop! That's my car!"

End
file.